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FROUDE'S LIFE OF CARLYLE.

THE greatest master of English prose within our generation intrusted the story of his life to one of the most skillful of living writers. The material for judging Thomas Carlyle is ample indeed: thirty octavo volumes of his own, four volumes by his biographer, two volumes of his "Reminiscences," three volumes of his wife's letters, diaries, notes, personal anecdotes, gossip, portraits. Never was man—neither Johnson, Voltaire, Goethe, nor Byron—more familiar, more interesting. We know now, perhaps, all of importance that we are ever likely to know. Sartor stands before us at last as mere man. The philosopher of clothes has stripped off his own, to show us that he stands a son of Adam, assuredly not ashamed, as bare before the world as when he came into it nearly ninety years ago.

Have we gained so very much by all this volume of biographical matter? Do we know Thomas Carlyle really better for it, more truly than we knew him from his books forty years ago, and from the passing glimpses of him and tales about him that we in London used to have while he was with us? It may be doubted. The man is in substance what we knew him and judged him to be. The biographies and autobiographies, the unroofing of his home and the unveiling of his hearth, the letters, journals, and recorded sayings, are intensely interesting. But they have told us things that we would rather not have heard. Those who loved him and those who loved her have been shocked, amazed, ashamed, in turn. Those who love good men and good women, those who honor great intellects, those who reverence human nature, have been wounded to the heart. Foul odors, as from a charnel-house, have been suddenly opened on us. We feel as if, in obedience to a call of duty, which we had never knowingly undertaken, we had been forced to stand beside some *post mortem* dissection of one we revered; as if the diaries of his very physi-

cians and surgeons had been read to us. They have shown us the very entrails of our dead friend.

“*Expede Hannibalem, quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?*”

And yet, now that we have gone through all this, do we really know him better? Is there anything essential that we did not already know? Of essential, nothing. It is the Thomas Carlyle we knew all our lives—great prose-poet, potent inspirer of high purposes, master of literary painting, a type of indomitable courage. His own newly published words are full of the old force, but they add nothing to our sense of his genius. The anecdotes and the revelations have a ghastly interest that is difficult to resist. He holds us with his glittering eye; we listen like a three-years’ child; the mariner hath his will. We must all stand and hear the tale, even if we shudder. But the tale tells us nothing that we did not know.

And yet, perhaps, to the multitude and the thoughtless, the new biographical instrument through which we are bidden to look at our old master may prove a hindrance and a source of error. Those who can use the human microscope will understand the exaggeration and distortion it presents. The rugosities of the surface, the anatomical details it reveals, will not disgust them. But the many will be puzzled and misled. Such was the imaginative hypertrophy in which Carlyle’s great brain habitually worked, such the Rabelaisian redundancy of his humor, such the punctilious piety of his literary executor, that his memory has been subjected to a wholly abnormal examination. Jeremy Bentham, in the interest of mankind and to the furtherance of science, left his body to be dealt with by the surgeons, and then to be preserved to the gaze of the world in the museum of University College. Thomas Carlyle has chosen to leave his life and his home, his aches and his sores, his grumblings and his washing-bills, to the impartial verdict of posterity. In Mr. Froude he has found a trustee who is ready to carry out his wishes without flinching. The Shakespearean wealth of imagery that Carlyle carried about with him into every detail of the supper-table or the wardrobe, the scrupulosity of the disciple, and his abundant power as a colorist, have contrived to present a series of pictures that, to those not accustomed to the methods of psychological portrait-painting,

may give the effect of a caricature. It is as if the living body of Thomas Carlyle were subjected to the resources of modern science, and the untrained public were called in to stand at the instruments. The microphone is used to enlarge his speech. The grunt or the psha that escapes the best of us at times is heard, by Mr. Froude's scientific appliances, as the roaring of a wounded buffalo. The old man's laugh, which in life was so cheery, comes up to us as out of a phonograph, harsh as the mockery of the devils that Dante heard in Malebolge. The oxy-hydrogen microscope is applied to the pimples on his chin or the warts on his thumb, and they loom to us as big as wens or cancers. The electric light is thrown upon the bared nerve; the photograph reveals the excoriations or callosities of every inch of skin. Poor Swift suffered something of the kind, and Rousseau; and one cannot but regret that, to a brain so far more sane, to a nature so far more robust than theirs, it has been needful to apply a somewhat similar resource.

As we read these letters and diaries, these tales of Carlyle and of his wife, on which art has thrown a light so dazzling, and a magnifying power so peculiar, we feel as if we were caught up again into the bewildering realm of Brobdingnag. Husband and wife rail at each other like giants and giantesses in a fairy tale; when they have a tiff, it stuns us like the Tower of Babel. The giant's head is the size of a house, with warts like a camel's hump, and a hide like an elephant's. Bugs as big as hedge-hogs crawl over his bed. Cocks and hens as large as ostriches crow and scream with the power of a steam-whistle. The giant clears his throat with the sound of an express train; and if his stomach aches, his groaning is as loud as the roaring of a cow that has lost her calf. We know, if the world does not, that all this is an optical and acoustic effect of the oxy-hydrogen or electric magnifier, of the combination of literary telephone, microphone, and phonograph. But though we know better than to take it all as literal, we are not raised or purified by it. We do not know our fine old master any better, we do not love him more, we do not feel him to be a greater, more creative soul. No, rather contrariwise.

Thomas Carlyle stands out to us in these posthumous volumes substantially the man we found him in the thirty volumes of his works. Somewhat darker, fiercer, more inhuman in his ill moods, perhaps; more cruel in little things than we

could suppose; more petulant and unmanly at times, with uglier domestic skeletons than we ever suspected. All this is clear and naked. He and his trustee will have it so. They have forced us to pry into his vitals, one might almost say into his boils and blains. And the world has turned aside shuddering. But this is not all the man, nor the true man; much of it we see to be morbid anatomy; much of it is mere literary exaggeration. Let us look calmly at the whole tale, and weigh the whole thirty-nine volumes in the mass, and we see still a very great nature; a very noble life, however unlovely; a very memorable work done, passing though it be, leaving no fruit behind. But in the end the man stands out, of solid worth and indomitable will; capable of great generosity, of sincere love; faithful, truthful, simple, kindly, in the main, in all the greater duties; and of heroic courage in the task to which his life was so passionately dedicated from his youth. This is the substance, mixed as we now see it, from first to last, with really ferocious habits in smaller things, strange coarseness of fiber, an egoism hardly sane, and laughable weakness in the petty ills of existence. That imagination of his, as powerful in its sphere as any recorded in our literature, is now seen to be part of his breath and life. The poet's eye rolls in a fine frenzy night and day incessantly, as he tosses on his bed or eats his porridge, or walks abroad. Carlyle lives in one waking vision; houses, factories, fields and mountains glared at him like phantoms in Hades; men and women around him gibbered with the hollow voices of ghosts; the ordinary sounds of our daily life—a barking dog, a crowing cock, the rattle of wheels, and the tradesman's call—seemed to him the din of a nightmare. Carlyle walked about London like Dante in the streets of Verona, gnawing his own heart and dreaming dreams of Inferno. To both the passers-by might have said, See! there goes the man who has seen hell!

And that marvelous gift of language we see in his journals and letters to be the very skin of his body; the style itself part of his very mind, which he could no more put off than he could put off his Annandale accent. We see it shaping every word he uttered or spoke, to his wife, his mother, the most trivial phrase, the most solemn records of his heart,—all stand in the irrepressible Carlylese. Carlylese is not a wholly satisfactory, never a pleasing tongue; the finest Carlylese is never equal to fine English; and yet it is one of the most potent instruments

ever used by articulate Englishman. And here we see it growing upon him, mastering him, deforming his very thought at last; becoming in the end a fetish to him, a mannerism or habit, as unpleasant as that of cursing or spitting.

The essential thing, perhaps the only thing, about a writer that concerns the public is how he wrote his books. And in this biography we see Carlyle at work, full of zeal and endurance. He was a great and powerful worker. Yet even here let us not exaggerate. Compared with the really great students of the world, Carlyle was almost an amateur. Littré, with his authentic sixteen hours of work each day, an ordinary German professor, scores of scholars and students, much exceed his utmost limits. Indeed, the book gives us rather the impression of very frequent holidays and an immense range of social entertainment. It is the same with his material resources. Carlyle lived and worked in poverty, in most honorable poverty, most nobly accepted and even welcomed. There is nothing finer in literary history than the stern resolution with which he clung to a life of simplicity. Yet here, again, one must not exaggerate. His real difficulties about money lasted at most four or five years. During the greater part of his life he had nearly all that he seriously needed. At no time did his mode of living fall below the standard of comfort to which he had been accustomed to his full manhood. It would have been regarded as luxurious by his father and his mother, his sisters, and his entire family. A man that kept a horse to ride almost all through life; made annual tours to Scotland, at times to Wales, Ireland, Germany, or the Mediterranean; whose friends gave him horses, wine, books, houses, whenever they were needed; to whom the most delightful homes in England were always open; whom so many persons, both friends and strangers, served freely for love, was never in poverty. To those who recall how many men of genius have labored in real want, in absolute neglect, sick, friendless, oppressed, and hungry, it is not pleasant to read these howls of rage and despair from a man that was well fed, well housed, well received, married to a noble woman, welcomed by all that is great, powerful, and cultured, surfeited with all that wealth could offer him, and bored by the attentions of a crowd of devoted friends.

And this miserable tale of his married life is all clear now; neither so sacred and profound as his biographer thinks, nor so

evil as some in their first anger declared. That Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were two people of deep natures, both strong, proud, generous, and sensitive, is most clear; that she had a most acute brain, and he unique genius; that they both vehemently resolved to do their duty in their homes; that both were capable of deep affection; that each had for the other a solid esteem and a keen admiration, deepening perhaps at last into love, and finally, on his side, into a passion of remorse and regret,—all this is clear to all men. Nor is it less clear that their married life from the first day had an unwholesome side; that it was often a kind of torture to one, and sometimes to both; that it was broken by prolonged spasms of jealousy and unhappiness; dimmed by frequent separation, in fact, and by life-long lukewarmness in heart. It is all most plain; he has forced us to stand and listen to his sobs of remorse and pity. It is a cruel story; why can we not be spared? What right or what duty have we to be called in so long after death to sit in judgment on these full hearts beating with such wrath, and poured out with so much hot indignation, to listen over again to the bitter speech, to watch the tragic misunderstanding growing up between two fine spirits that earnestly sought to love and to cherish? Why need we be summoned to the castigation of this posthumous penance? Is it the right of every man who may have written some great books to fling into the street the inner sanctities of his hearth, his wife's letters, diaries, clothes, and marriage bed, his pots and his pans, the rag-basket of his sores, and the scribblings of his ill-humors; calling on men, women, and children to take warning in the name of God's truth and man's shame? And can it be the duty of a friend to whom the revolting office is committed to pour forth this mass of domestic lumber and cast clothing in such quantity that an untrue effect is produced on the reader?

Few are the homes without their skeleton, or the lives that have nothing unseemly within them. And when the skeleton is made to dance before our eyes with wondrous literary juggling, and the unseemly thing is painted by the hand of Spagnoletto or Goya, a moral wound is inflicted on the conscience of men. Let us correct this impression produced by unwholesome art. We have the most certain witness to prove that the married life of Carlyle was not the failure and wreck which these volumes might incline not a few to believe. If it never reached the

highest and most lovely region of married happiness, and at times came perilously close to married misery, it was in the main the worthy effort after happiness of two just spirits, too much resembling each other to be happy in their own marriage, each perhaps too faulty to be perfectly happy in any marriage. It is a tale of millions of homes, somewhat below the chosen few, far above the actual wrecks—*αἰλιον αἰλιον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.*

What have we to do with this? And yet, perhaps it is as well that now and then the veil should be lifted from the fireside, and from off the human heart of man and wife. It is a mystery that no poet and no romance has ever solved. What depths and infinite windings are there in the heart and life of man! Can we ever hear enough as to the sources of happiness and misery, of love and despair? Do we not learn much when we have the mysteries unbared; when we watch the harsh word and look cutting into the nerves of the other; when we trace the gathering volume of irritation and offense, the wanderings of two hearts, each too proud to speak the little word that would end it all; when we see a good and humane soul blindly groping toward a pit, blundering into undesigned wrong from which certain agony must come? In a book, or on the stage, we follow all this with emotion and almost with delight. In real life it is too horrible, too unfathomable, too humiliating to human nature to suffer us to look on steadily. The real tales of this sort are to be guessed at for the most part. Let us, too, pass reverently, keeping silence even from good words. Such a drama of real life these volumes reveal to us, true and literal, recorded by one of the greatest dramatists in our language, out of things known only to him and to one other. The remorse of Thomas Carlyle is a tragedy more painful than "Cædipus" or "Lear"; it is so homely, photographic, realistic in its incidents. Memory is more potent than imagination; and the memory of one of the most imaginative of modern men is an instrument of terrible power. How a great man and a good woman can torture each other and themselves for the lack of certain humanities, and by reason of certain morbid egoisms,—all this has been told us by a master of literary picturing; a tale clearer to his vision than any beheld in the mind's eye of Shakespeare himself. And oh, the pity of it! that it is one of Shakespeare's kith and kin who thus bares his head in the storm and tears out his own heart for us to see.

It is not art, this. No, nor truth, nor human nature. It needs must be that offenses come, but woe to him by whom they come.

If it be that such an autopsy of the personal and domestic life of our fellow-men is ever desirable, why, we may ask, need the subject be a man that has written famous books? The great writers are seldom great characters; their homes are rarely examples; their surroundings often unworthy. Their mode of existence is usually abnormal, and they do not, as a rule, triumph over its perils. Exaggeration by themselves and by their friends is almost a consequence of their literary distinction. They lead, for the most part, lives unwholesomely stimulated on one side, and these lives are recorded with disproportioned minuteness and needless coloring. It is true that mankind crave for these over-elaborated portraits; but morality and society in no way gain by satisfying the demand for their manufacture.

Truth! truth! what things are done in thy name, as Madame Roland said of liberty. Because a man has written some very extraordinary books, the world craves to know how the writer of them lived. And so they ransack his drawers when he is dead; and every crude word he ever flung upon paper, or growled out in his sulks, is published to mankind. Even the secret thoughts of his wife, the sentences of grief, anger, misunderstanding, wrung from her in tears in the silence of her chamber, become literary property and go through several editions. What right has any man (no leave given) to publish the innermost wailing of a woman's heart, which she herself kept secret from every eye, even from her husband's? And every scurrilous phrase, calumny, or caricature that ever slipped from the eminent writer is to be added to the literature of our country, in the name of truth and to the eternal confusion of cant. Better cant itself than the washings and offscourings of these pots and pans, where the eminent writer flung the orts of his household.

That "a master of gibes and flouts," the greatest, perhaps, in our modern history, should get into the habit of painting caricatures of every man, woman, and child that ever crossed his path, was bad enough. But to publish all these ill-natured scrawls, as soon as he is dead, is hardly a work of moral duty. This man, we read more than once, is a compound of "frog and viper"; that one is an inferior kind of Robespierre; Macaulay is a "squat, low-browed," "commonplace" object; Wordsworth

is a "small, diluted man," a "contemptibility"; Coleridge, a "weltering, ineffectual being"; Keats's poems are "dead dog"; Keble, author of the "Christian Year," is a "little ape"; Cardinal Newman has "not the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit"; "Pickwick" is "lowest trash"; Charles Lamb is a "pitiful tomfool," a "despicable abortion"; the Saturday Reviewer is a "dirty puppy"; Mill is a poor, frozen, mechanical being, a "logic-chopping engine." The most memorable thing about Grote is his "spout mouth"; about Bright his "cock-nose." Gladstone is "one of the contemptiblest men," "a spectral kind of phantasm," "nothing in him but forms and ceremonies."

And this is Truth! Say rather, that it is serving round a famous man's spittoon. If this mere spittle were in truth Carlyle's mind, one would hold it as rancid and as false as any on record. But it is not his real mind. Carlyle, one of the greatest caricaturists that ever lived, got into a mental habit like that with which we see persons afflicted who, under nervous excitement, involuntarily gibber and make faces at strangers. Carlyle was incessantly making faces at everybody. The professional caricaturist (poor devil) goes about the world scrawling on his shirt-sleeve grotesque sketches of everything he sees. And so this master of nicknames jots down his buffooneries wholesale. But all this is really cant, a vile habit, a trick that became his master and not a little disfigures his veracity.

And that other trick of cursing and befouling the entire human race—man, woman, and child, horse or dog, cock or hen, all that cross the Carlylian orbit, are bespattered with a torrent of Ernulphus's cursing, which begins by being silly, and ends by becoming sickening. A maid-servant is never spoken of but as a "puddle," a "scandalous randy," a "sluttish harlot"; a man-servant is always a "flunkey." The valet that brings him hot water and brushes his clothes is a "flunkey of the devil." This uniform brutality toward servants is a very evil sign. People that are always quarreling with those who serve them in their homes have assuredly something wrong with them—ill-conditioned, we say. The world at large is a "dusty fuliginous chaos"; Europe a "huge suppuration"; society a "festering dung-heap," and so on. "I find emptiness and chagrin," he cries; "I can reverence no existing man." "To how many things is one tempted to say with slow emphasis, *Du galgenaas* ('thou gallows-carrion'). There is some relief to me in a word

like that." Alas! what a melancholy cant is here! A noble spirit, in its musings, fretting itself into a temper like nothing in this world but that of the street Arab or hungry costermonger, whose every sentence contains an oath and names that we only express by a blank. That any human soul could sink to the point of finding pleasure in calling men and things "thou gallows-carrion" is pitiful enough! But solemnly to record it and print it as a typical thought! O Thomas, Thomas, thou wast a rugged, stormy soul in life! But it would be a deep wrong to think this crazy venom, worthy of some literary Quilp, was the truth about thee!

Let us shut up this waste-basket of a great man's spleen; it gives no true picture of his inner nature. As he said himself, "the world will never know my life"; and to his biographer he said, "Forbear, poor fool!" For all the talk about truth and scorn of concealment, there are blanks and reticences and material suppression of important fact. Even in this heap of dirty linen there are things kept covered. It is droll to think what was the line below which outrage, disgust, and public scandal were thought to lie. Thomas Carlyle is strong enough to bear much, and his memory will bear even this. Scores and scores of men that knew him well still walk the earth. They tell us of a generous, hearty, simple man of genius, manly in his bearing, in his happier moods friendly and even dignified. The present writer can remember him in extreme old age, quite a model of courteous and cheery repose, most ready to give, open of access, simple, fatherly, nay, patriarchal. That this venerable and stately elder had had his hours of darkness was indeed most clear. But oh, that, as he said, "his bewildered wrestlings" could have been buried there! We gain nothing new, nothing true in the inner sense. It is like hanging out his old clothes on a waxen image of the man.

What then, in sooth, is the meaning of these strange contradictions? What is the riddle of a nature that seems to have poured forth its last drop only to puzzle us more? Here is a man with poetic gifts of the first rank, a born artist, yet whose art is a perpetual torment to him, having to the last something uncouth and abortive in all its creations. Here is a man with an insight that at times touches that of Tacitus, Bacon, or Goethe, yet whose gift ends in a wearisome knack of caricature. Here is one of the great masters of the English tongue, who

finally settles into a tiresome mannerism. A man, one would think, of really religious nature, whose religion it is hardly possible to put into words, who with "God," "devil," "hell," and "damnation" as often on his lips as on a carter's, appears now to have denied that any of these had practical effect on human affairs in any literal sense. And so one who has written some of the most powerful books of this century, and deeply stirred the mind of the last generation, has passed away without leaving more than a chapter in the history of literature, without founding anything, leaving behind him to carry on his work two or three men that have just learned to mimic his cloudy jeremiads.

We can all see now that he really, in his heart, believed in nothing. All beliefs, demonstrations, certainties of other people he swept away. There were hundreds and thousands, he thinks, of "greater men than Newton." Everything like a system, a set of doctrines, a few coherent principles, even, was all mere cant, windbags, shams, inanities. The old Hebrew belief was "Houndsditch"; the modern belief in realities was atheism. Carlyle, like Descartes, made a *tabula rasa* of all belief. He then interpreted *cogito ergo sum* to mean, "I think, therefore I am; no one else thinks, therefore all others are shams." But Carlyle, being not a philosopher, but a prose poet, could get no further. Having come out of Houndsditch himself, he hugged the rags of Houndsditch to his dying day round his brawny limbs. The Bible continued to serve him with horrible expletives and apocalyptic tropes. Calvinism had bred in him the moody, dogged, mystical temper of the Cameronian peasant. He flung off the creed, but he kept the temper. Metaphysics, of the Kantian or Hegelian kind, he rejected, also, retaining, unluckily, the key to the cloudland, the *Ich* and the *Nicht-Ich*, the bare idea of absolute and transcendental. Hence Carlyle, rejecting at once all theologies, all philosophies, all syntheses alike, and bound by his very ideal to ridicule the possibility of any theology, any philosophy, any synthesis, was forced into a creed that at last got stereotyped into the simple words, "I believe in Thomas Carlyle; which faith, unless a man keep, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

And so it was that a man, by nature of noble sincerity and unselfishness, of keen vision and profound yearning after goodness and truth, came, by the power of a gloomy superstition, to reach such heights of maniacal egoism, such depths of corrosive

inhumanity, as he and his friends have scattered through these posthumous volumes. And with all this raving about atheists and unbelievers, Thomas Carlyle stands pilloried on the pedestal that he so laboriously framed for himself, as of all modern Englishmen the one most utterly naked of any intelligible belief. For neither he nor his biographer can get any further in any definite proposition than that this earth was tophet, and Thomas Carlyle the only wise man in it. There is not in these volumes one philosophic, religious, or social doctrine—nothing constructive, directing, or fruitful. There is railing, mockery, and imprecation of a truly Gargantuan kind; but what of real, humane, positive, or systematic? Words, words, pictures, tropes, sublimities enough to make the major and the minor prophets; but nothing to hold on to, to work with, or to teach.

It comes out that this flux of talk about devil, hell, tophet, and heaven, is all allegory or image. Thomas Carlyle never believed that the devil really made the cocks crow or spoiled his porridge, or that his good friends and neighbors would end in everlasting fire. No! nor that God specially interposed for him to enable him to finish his chapter or digest his dinner, or that all the petty trifles of his life were the peculiar work of "His unspeakable mercy." All this was cant, trick of irreverent speech, habit of bilious self-absorption, nothing else. The Immensities and Unspeakabilities come at last to this. One might as well say the Brutalities, and the Self-idolatries, and the Utter Nonsensicalities. For at the close of his long life Carlyle found out at last that God "does nothing." An otiose God, then, surveying unmoved "this dusty, fuliginous chaos," is the residuum of all this furious apostrophizing.

Wreck, failure, hopelessness, these are the words that the faithful disciple inscribes on his master's grave. The greatest will and courage cannot help the man that obstinately defies his fellow-men. The grandest literary genius will enable no man to solve *de novo* by his own single insight the problems of philosophy and life. The most passionate yearning after right will not suffice to him who resolves to seek right by the light of his own unaided conscience. And thus the great brain and the fine nature of Carlyle end in an egoism that comes perilously near to mania. No "thinker" indeed he, if by thinking we mean the coherent working out of complex questions to practical results. None but a few literary dreamers even call him thinker. And it

is not given to poets or to prophets to teach us philosophy, nor duty, nor truth. Nay, the sons of the prophet can do little now but show us how hopelessly their master ended, when he pretended to teach as well as to picture, to astonish, or to stimulate. What a pitiful tale it is !

A grand imagination stinging itself to death, like a scorpion, in its frenzy of self-absorption ; a generous heart turned to gall because it had lost its way, lost all hope of finding a way ; an "influence," a master of speech, a glorious inciter to great things ; an "influence," deeper doubtless than Coleridge, higher than Johnson, but how much lower than the mighty Burke ! Let us think of him sadly and kindly, lying amongst the Annandale peasants from whom he came forth and of whom he was ever one. Compare the cruel storms in the life of this lost soul with the serene humanity of those whom he nicknamed atheists. Read the autobiography of Hume, and see how a really great thinker could die, with sweetness, hope, and love in every tone. Or read the memoirs of Gibbon, or the life of Turgot, of Adam Smith, of Condorcet. Or, lastly, compare these fuliginous railings and wailings with the manly, self-possessed, simple story told by the magnanimous spirit of John Mill. They found peace ; while the wild spirit that in life covered them with his mockery, went tossing down to his last rest in an agony of scorn, hate, and despair. "Wa, wa," he tells us the dying Frankish King cried, "who is this mighty power which pulls down the strongest?" "Wa, wa," wails Thomas Carlyle, recognizing a power too strong to be resisted. That power is humanity, the human race, which his long life was devoted to deriding, and which now, in his death, still honors him as a brother of rare genius and mighty purpose.

FREDERIC HARRISON.